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commonweal

PETER FREIBERG **SLUMBER IN HOLLAND?**

MARGARET SODERBERG **BANGLADESH & THE SOVIET**

JOHN DEEDY **MAN, MAGAZINE, MOVEMENT**

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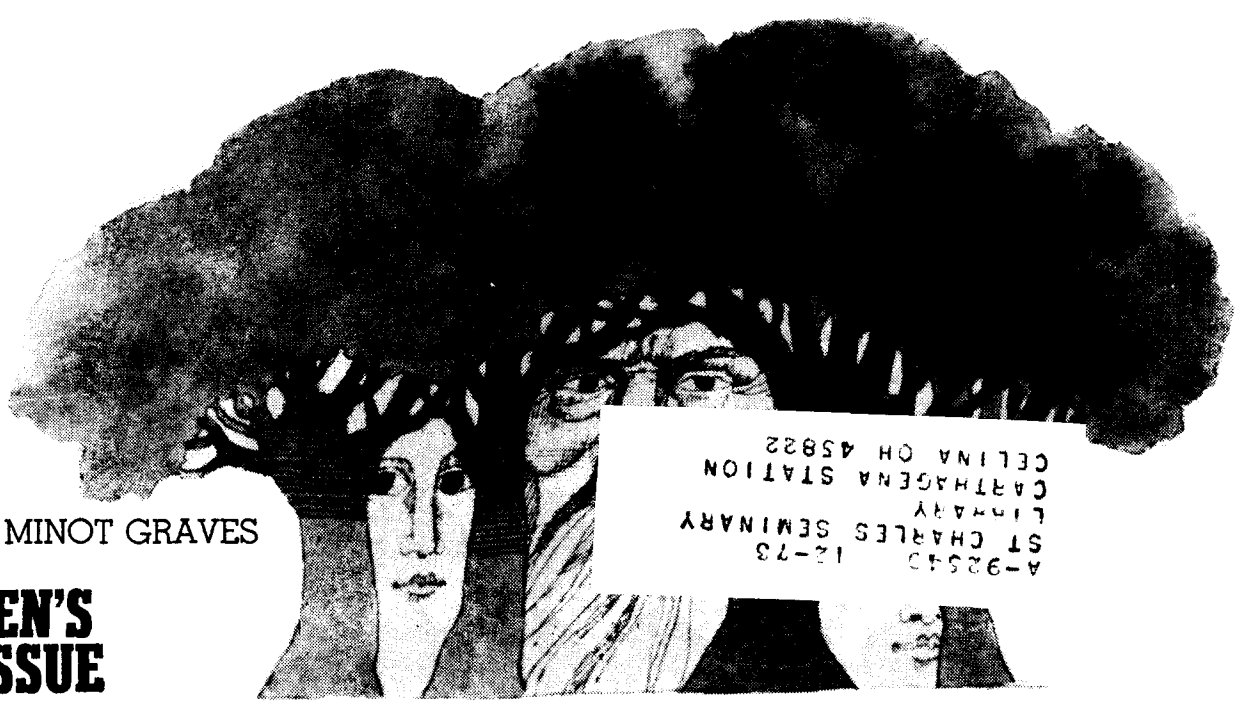
CARTHAGENA

VATICAN II — TEN YEARS LATER

FEWER ILLUSIONS, GREATER FAITH

JOSEPH CUNNEEN



ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

CHILDREN'S BOOK ISSUE

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NEWS & VIEWS

'Prognosis: Negative'

Two extremely pessimistic readings of American Catholicism have emanated from sources not usually associated with pessimism of the sorts displayed.

One is the survey of attitudes and behavior of Catholics conducted by Father Andrew Greeley and William McCready of the National Opinion Research Center, and published in *America*.

Their conclusion: Catholics are becoming "virtually indistinguishable from a Protestant denomination," and there is "a coming apart of the traditional, tightly knit organization of the church."

A main part of the problem: a long-standing Greeley grievance—the hierarchy. Greeley has had a bead drawn on the bishops (not without cause, mind you), since his sociological study of the priesthood got short shrift a while back. Here he (and McCready) take dead aim:

"The collective hierarchy are too busy protecting their power, assuring their careers and locking barn doors after horses have escaped to address themselves to the deep religious longings which virtually every observer of young America knows are out there. Electing the present leadership of the hierarchy at a time when the immigrant church is falling apart was an exercise in indifference to social and cultural reality comparable with Nero's famed violin concert."

An equally negative assessment of the American church's prospects comes from church historian Msgr. John Tracy Ellis. His conclusion: the church in America "can fail" and "indeed . . . may fail" because the church's present state is characterized by bewilderment and by a "virtual lack of leadership." The assessment appears in a special report in *Overview*, a newsletter of the Thomas More Association of Chicago.

Msgr. Ellis, whose reputation is anything but that of a bishop-baiter, hits the hierarchy squarely:

" . . . [F]or the past 30 years it has been my business to teach the history of American Catholicism, and I think one can say without fear of contradiction that that history reveals several periods in which the leadership of the church was forthright, articulate, strong and knew where it was going." He cites the periods of Archbishop Carroll and Cardinal Gibbons and draws into comparison today's hierarchy: " . . . many, if not most, of the bishops of the United States have failed to show initiative, creative thinking, and imagination, and to take the risks that must be taken if there is to be true and real leadership."

Today's American bishops also lack what Tracy Ellis terms "the courage to go forward."

"John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, once put it this way: 'The timid move in crowds, the brave in single file,' " Msgr. Ellis sums up. "Well, there have been few in single file coming out of that body which now is the second largest hierarchy in the universal church."

The Tracy Ellis and Greeley-McCready indictments come on the eve of the annual meeting in Washington of the American hierarchy. It will be interesting to see what responses they evoke of a positive kind. I don't imagine Ellis, Greeley or McCready are awaiting optimistically.

Signals Over

The *New Critic*, which has been advertising in the *New York Review of Books* and other places as "a journal of the American sensibility," won't be the *New Critic* any longer.

The old *Critic*—*The Critic* published by the Thomas More Association—took the *New Critic* to court and won a consent judgment "permanently and perpetually" enjoining it against using the name Critic "alone or in combination with any other word."

The U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York ruled that the Thomas More Association owned "the entire right, title and interest in and to the trademark THE CRITIC," and that "the defendant (NEW CRITIC) has infringed said trademark."

New Critic will henceforth be *The American Journal*.

Viet Spin-Offs

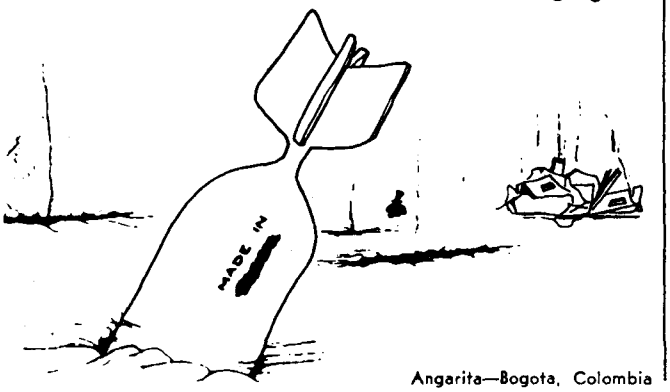
There's nothing to establish, right now, that the weapons technology which the U.S. developed for Indochina is beginning to haunt the developer—and terrorize, in the process, innocent parties in several parts of the world.

But it seems inevitable that it should happen. So many weapons of past wars have been adopted for civilian terrorism that some even conceive of the day when homemade nuclear bombs, no bigger than the size of a suitcase, will be available to gangsters and terrorists. The late Thomas Conrad speculated on this point in *Commonweal* a few years back. (7/25/69)

When they do begin to trace the origins of tomorrow's gangland weaponry, be prepared for the information that some of it was born of Vietnam. And don't be surprised if one of the first revelations concerns those frightful letter-bombs that are moving through postal services here and elsewhere.

There seems a disturbing similarity between them and what the Pentagon calls its gravel or leaf mine.

This mine weighs only 0.7 ounce, and looks like a leaf or a tea bag—nothing you'd bother to step around. Stepped on, the mine contains enough explosive force to blow a person's foot off—or his hands, if he is unlucky enough to be running a variant through a letter-canceling machine.



Angarita—Bogota, Colombia

Odds and Ends

—It is still open-season on the Indians of Latin America. A recent news report discloses that a group of white settlers, who had admitted the premeditated mass poisoning of Indians, was acquitted by a Colombian judge and jury on the plea, "We didn't know that killing Indians was a crime."

—A conclusion from a Presidential pre-election straw poll of the New York *Sunday News*: "The Catholic vote appears to have undergone a dramatic shift. Nixon received slightly less than 50 percent of the Catholic vote in 1968, but the poll shows him increasing his total with nearly 75 percent of the Catholic ballots going for him this time." The poll was conducted state-wide.

—A thought to mull over, from Father Theodore Hesburgh's Oct. 29 piece in the *New York Times Magazine*: "It is a simple fact that an underworld gangster or a white call girl can more easily rent or buy a house in most white neighborhoods than a black professional man or woman." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

'Catholic' Schools

Whiting, Indiana

To the Editors: If Ed Marciniak ["The Games They Play in Catholic Schools," Oct. 6], wants to face reality, he should acknowledge the high *cost* of education—Catholic or Public. Money is the real villain. Good education costs a lot of money. Private schools, especially, have always cost a lot of money.

While it would be nice to continue to have private, parochial, Catholic elementary and high schools, who is going to pay the ever-increasing bill? Does the church really belong in the formal education (state-approved and licensed school) business?

There are other ways to "learn" religion besides sitting in a classroom. Television, records and movies may be good approaches. Of course, nothing will ever replace the good example of parents—not even "Catholic" schools.

R. M. ZAJAC

The Real Presence?

Geneva, Switzerland

To the Editors: As a contribution to the discussion on the Eucharist which has arisen since the publication of the Windsor statement of the Anglican /Roman Catholic Commission [Aug. 25] I would like to draw attention to a statement which may mark a significant development in the official teachings of the Roman Church concerning the real presence. It is to be found in the general instruction of the new Roman missal (chapter 2 n.7 revised edition 1970) and hence could hardly be more official. The earlier version of this article was severely criticized by conservatives. The present version was the result of careful revision, which further reinforces its authority.

". . . in the celebration of the Mass . . . Christ is really present there in the congregation gathered together in his name, in the person of the minis-

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NIXON'S NEWEST VETOES

The vetoes that came from President Nixon after the closing of the last session of Congress were expected, of course. But the number of vetoes—eleven, of wide social context—was a surprise. Vetoed were bills that would have expanded services for the elderly, increased federal-level research into the causes and effects of growing old, provided vocational rehabilitation for the severely handicapped, expanded health care at Veterans Administration hospitals, and authorized a public-works program designed for rural areas with marked outmigration and urban localities with large populations of low-income persons and substantial unemployment. One does not look for vetoes as sweeping as those on the eve of a Presidential election, not even from so socially callous an Administration as Richard Nixon's.

The vetoing was done in the name of economy and the desire to avoid a tax increase next year, objectives meritorious in themselves until one ponders what economy and a holding of a line on taxes actually translate to in the Nixon lexicon. They spell out again to the exaltation of property values over human values and a virtual *carte blanche* for the Pentagon. (At the same time that he was issuing his vetoes of social legislation, Nixon signed a $74.4 billion defense appropriation and a $2.3 billion bill for military construction.) Admittedly Mr. Nixon did put his signature to a $5 billion Social Security bill, which among other things broadens Medicare, increases monthly benefits and liberalizes nursing home coverage. But the signing of that measure improving *old* legislation hardly counterbalances the vetoing of bills that had both social and economic justification to commend them. The difference, for instance, between the Health, Education and Welfare bill that Nixon wanted ($28.8 billion) and the one sent to him for signature ($30.5 billion) was $1.7 billion—a large amount in one sense, but only $8.50 per American. Furthermore, the bill granted the President authority to make reductions in any item, so that Mr. Nixon could have had the bill and still stayed within the budget he allegedly prizes so much. This, plus the fact that it was the second-time around for the bill, forces the conclusion that Nixon never wanted this social legislation at all.

By the same token, the veto of a $2.3 billion public-works bill designed

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for depressed areas forces one to wonder just how sincere is Nixon's professed concern about the social evil of unemployment. It is nothing short of scandalous to be forever knocking down bills that at least have the virtue of addressing social evils, while providing billions for a never-ending arms race (and nutty military research, like the $375,000 study on the aerodynamics of the Frisbee) and millions for trivia (in a bill Nixon did sign, an American Revolution Bicentennial Commission got $3.4 million to keep it going until Feb. 15, when it will undoubtedly get more). The whole sorry business once more calls into question the priorities of the nation.

The Soviet Presence In Bangladesh

"I am sure that the friendship between the peoples of Bangladesh and the Soviet Union will grow stronger." The newest nation needed all the friends it could find last January when Prime Minister Mujib Rahman uttered these words in a Tass interview. His difficulties in eliciting massive assistance from a calamity-jaded world community are still evident to those who watch events in South Asia.

A Movement A Man, a Magazine,

A Catholic institution—part person, part movement—closed shop this fall largely unnoticed and unmourned by a Catholic public so frazzled by vanishing ecclesiastical institutions as to be virtually inured to their passing. Many of these institutions deserved their fate; others did not, and perhaps this one especially: The Liturgical Arts Society and Maurice Lavanoux, a founder of the society and editor of the quarterly *Liturgical Arts* for almost four decades. Over the years, Maurice Lavanoux's name became synonymous with that of the society and its prestigious magazine.

The Liturgical Arts Society was not one of those booming phenomena of 20th-century Catholicism that held huge conventions and rallied tens of thousands of people to a cause (or fad). The society never had more than a few thousand members, and the circulation peak of *Liturgical Arts* was a mere 3,500 (down to 1,700 at its last issue). But the influence of the society—more specifically, the magazine, which came to embody the society—was greater than most suspected or many gave it credit. As a molder of taste, *Liturgical Arts* was zeroing in on catalogue church art, plaster statues, pseudo-Gothic flying buttresses and zany church buildings before Vatican II was even a gleam in John XXIII's eye. Vatican II provided the heavy bombardment against much of the banal in church art and church architecture, but *Liturgical Arts* was there with the 'firstest,' if not the 'mostest.' "*Liturgical Arts* helped to bump Barclay-Street art out of the picture," Maurice Lavanoux summed up over a luncheon manhattan the other day on Manhattan Island. It was a satisfaction tempered by a feeling that *Liturgical Arts* and the Liturgical Arts Society were being prematurely retired. And maybe he himself, also. Lavanoux is a remarkably vibrant 78.

"It would be a misreading of the times to think that the forty-one years of *Liturgical Arts* signaled victory over the misconceptions which heralded its birth," said Lavanoux. "Tired enthusiasms and those who feel that the 'end of an era' is reason enough to rest on our laurels do not accept the fact of that continuity which a living body transmits to its successor." The passionate Catholicism of Maurice Lavanoux is now speaking. "The life of the church, in its human aspects, has been a series of ups and downs, of achievements and of corruption, of despair and of optimism, of shallow acceptance of palliatives, which could be viewed as excuses for our deficiences. And nostalgia and unbending conservatism are surely not the answer.

"The past forty years have witnessed a progressive erosion of the accumulated hindrances to the on-going of the church. The freedom of the present day may be abused in some ways—granted; the experimentation in the application of liturgical norms brought about by the fresh air of Vatican Council II may have been exaggerated—granted. Such freedom and experimentation allow for a measure of control and direction, but a mummified status quo can only be death!" He signals that exclamation point with quick, long fingers. "It is only when we refuse to think of the church as a living expression of God's grace that we find it difficult to accept the changes and challenges of today," Maurice Lavanoux continues. "A weak approach to the liturgy is akin to a man who would die of thirst near a fountain of pure drinking water."

This is a conviction that makes it hard for Maurice Lavanoux to accept the decision of the board of the Liturgical Arts Society to close up shop. Mr. Lavanoux argues that interest in the church and the liturgical arts are only in a momentary recession, and

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that now is actually the time to be preparing for an upswing he sees only ten or so years away. He finds support for his thesis in the planning presently being done in Australia for a Liturgical Arts Society and magazine there.

The American situation is dictated by the pragmatics of economics. "Due to circumstances beyond our control," said Liturgical Arts Society president Gerard L. Carroll, "—dwindling subscription and advertising, and particularly the difficulty of securing an adequate annual subsidy to finance a continuing promotion campaign—we find it imperative to cease the publication of our quarterly, *Liturgical Arts,* and all other activities of the Liturgical Arts Society." Maurice Lavanoux resisted the decision and delayed word of its news while he attempted a rescuing operation. But the Moving Finger had writ.

Maurice Lavanoux thus moves on to his bachelor rooms in Queens, resigned but not persuaded that matters could not and should not be otherwise. He takes with him honors and dignity, and the gratitude of people who care about the things he holds dear. His departure is quiet. There are no recriminations, though some would be justifiable. There will be no testimonial dinner; "I already have a watch," remarks Maurice. His principal concerns are that two long associates at *Liturgical Arts*—Joseph P. Ascherl, senior book designer at Doubleday, and Unity Evans, copy editor since 1950—get a public word of thanks, and that he himself be credited with a measure of optimism. "The past forty years may be the end of an era, but who knows? The work of the Liturgical Arts Society and its quarterly may continue under other auspices in the discipline of continuity in the vigorous and imaginative life of an *on-going* church," concludes Maurice Lavanoux. "And as for my forty years at *Liturgical Arts,* they ought to get me five centuries off Purgatory, don't you think?" . . . Five centuries and five quarantines.

JOHN DEEDY

The August 25th UN Security Council veto by China, which blocked the admission of Bangladesh to the United Nations, marked the latest round between China and the Soviet Union over the country. China continues to charge the Soviet Union and India with aggression against Pakistan in the matter. Earliest products of the role of U.S. officialdom in the 1971 conflict were the bitterness of the Bengalis, a heightened estrangement between India and the U.S., and apprehensions centering around the strategic importance of the Indian Ocean.

In that same Tass interview, Sheik Mujib enunciated the principles of his foreign policy: "non-participation in military blocs, . . . independence and friendship with all the nations of the world." However, the reality is that Bangladesh's fortunes are tied to India, and India's abiding interest, as that of the U.S.S.R. is to contain China. Reflecting the Soviet-Indian agreement is their 1971 Treaty of Peace, Friendship and Cooperation. Linking up with that act is the March 25th friendship treaty between India and Bangladesh. Some have seen these pacts as a start on the Soviet hope to create a collective security organization in South Asia, an idea, advanced by Brezhnev in 1969; however, the joint declaration concluding Mrs. Gandhi's trip to Dacca included the following: "The two Prime Ministers declare that the Indian Ocean area should be kept free of Great-Power rivalries and military competitions . . . express their opposition to the creation of land, air and naval bases in the area . . . (and) their determination to endeavor to make the Indian Ocean a nuclear-free zone."

The opening Soviet move in independent Bangladesh, took place on January 21st when a plane carrying relief supplies landed at Dacca airport. This was followed by official diplomatic recognition four days later. The Russian consul general, later ambassador, V. F. Popov, courteously drove the difficult sixty miles to Tangail where Mujib was dealing with Mukti Bahini allegiance to the new regime. On February 7th, the U.S.S.R. and Bangladesh signed a short-term barter agreement. The deal involved Soviet machine equipment, pig iron, metal castings, urea, kerosene, raw cotton, railroad ties and sunflower seed oil in exchange for raw jute, jute goods, tea, goat skins, textiles and spices from Bangladesh. Similar agreements were signed with Poland, Bulgaria and Hungary. Later, there were reports on the inauguration of Aeroflot flights between Moscow and Dacca and accounts of Soviet Red Cross activities.

Early in March, Mujib and an eighteen-man delegation flew to Moscow along with a returning Soviet trade group. Met at the airport by Premier Kosygin, the Sheik carried on talks with Party chief Brezhnev as well. The five-day trip resulted in a far from astronomical $51.6 million in loans, commodities and immediate technical assistance. Selected projects were an electrical equipment factory, transmitters for Radio Bangladesh, a thermal power generating plant, and oil and gas exploration. This last is no shot in the dark; there are natural gas resources undeveloped during the Pakistani era.

In return Mujib assured the Russians that his nonalignment policy held despite his intention to apply for British Commonwealth membership; however, the joint communiqué from Moscow included specific endorsement of Soviet policy toward Vietnam and the Middle East as well as thinly veiled allusions to "true friends and foes."

Before the end of March, Mujib turned again to the Soviet Union for assistance in a dramatic and desperately

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needed project, the salvaging of the harbors at Chittagong and Chalna. Reports indicate that Mujib wavered between a UN salvage operation and the Soviet offer but the delay in UN decision-making caused him to turn to the Soviets. Problems of time and cost may yet involve the UN in the project despite an *Izvestia* release on May 31 that the harbors are fully reopened. Earlier reports noted that the 1500 Russians, who are being directed by Soviet naval personnel, were running into difficulties unanticipated by the initial survey team. The clearing job in Chittagong involves thirty ships and damage to port facilities and could take up to a year to finish.

The political scene presents a favorable while not exhilarating situation for the Soviets. Along with the legalization of the Communist Party, Soviet-Bengali friendship centers have opened all over the country; the Russians are being very friendly to the Bengali trade union movement; pro-Soviet articles and anti-CIA material are increasing in the local newspapers. The Soviet Embassy staff has doubled in size during this period.

Mujib who calls himself a democratic socialist has not only legalized the Communists but he has legitimatized (or neutralized) them to the extent of creating a National Consultative Committee made up of them, the National Awami Party (NAP) and his own bourgeois Awami League. The NAP has broken into a Maoist faction led by Maulana Bashani bearing the stigma of China's support of Pakistan and a high-riding Moscow wing headed by Muzaffer Ahmed. There are those in the country who are not pro-Peking but who think that a more evenhanded position vis-à-vis China and Russia would be desirable.

The Russians have held wholehearted endorsement of Mujib in reserve. Their press has given considerable publicity to the Community Party of Bangladesh. Moni Singh, its leader, was given the forum at the 24th Congress of the CPSU. He criticized both Chinese and U.S. support for Pakistan as well as his domestic foes when he announced that: "This Maoist leadership became entangled in a deal with American imperialism that was directed specifically against the liberation movement in Bangladesh. We were not surprised by this; we warned the country's progressive democratic forces of this long ago."

What have the Soviets gained in Bangladesh? At this point their moral stature is high and their presence is widespread. Russian support of the Bengali cause in the UN as well as their support of the Indian forces during the war with Pakistan is well known. It would seem that the combination of diplomatic recognition and initiation of trade and aid (both made very early this year) have been the difference for the Russians. Although their aid has been minor in monetary value, they nevertheless occupy a foothold in the Bangladesh economy. While the Bengalis may have some second thoughts about the Soviet naval personnel in Chittagong harbor, there is no doubt that the Soviets have managed to involve themselves in an attention-getting vital project.

The Russians, no less than other observers of the political scene in Bangladesh, can only speculate on the survival of Sheik Mujib. For the present, they can live with his policies very well; in fact, they are anxious to do so. If he should fall, they have Muzzafer Ahmed on the scene. Some see portents of disaster for Mujib in his inability to deal more effectively with the corruption of some lower officials and black marketeering; the feuds between Planning Commission technocrats and the reluctant civil service bureaucracy who have to manage the nationalized enterprises; and the recent elections at Dacca University where the Awami League student organization was swamped by the student wing of the NAP.

While, certainly, the Russians haven't won at all, (eventual admission to the UN and the ensuing ties to the IMF and World Bank will surely increase American influence as already evidenced by the belatedly initiated but now major U.S. aid program there) the Soviets haven't gotten bad returns on an investment which consisted of very modest monetary assistance and a large measure of verbal support in international channels. It has produced for the Soviet Union a friendly relationship with another South Asian nation besides India; a view at close range of the internal development of that nation; a minor trading partner; a definite downgrading of both American and Chinese influence in the region; and, at the very least, another diplomatic beachhead on the Indian Ocean. MARGARET SODERBERG

(*Margaret Soderberg, a member of the Political Science department at Eastern Illinois University, recently returned from Bangladesh.*)

COMING

ROSEMARY RUETHER writes about celibacy in the church today:

"The very notion that one is better equipped to pursue a ministry 'full-time' because one is unmarried is itself a questionable proposition. Everyone has much the same needs for sleep, food, recreation and companionship, whether one is single or married. The typical executive who works at his job with single-minded devotion is probably much more 'full-time' in his work than the typical celibrate priest. An analysis of what a parish priest actually does with his time each day . . . would quickly reveal the meaninglessness of this proposition of 'full-time' ministry among the celibate."

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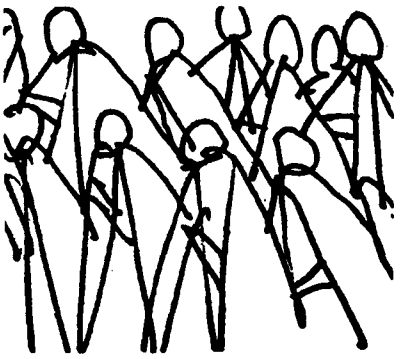
TEN YEARS LATER – I

FEWER ILLUSIONS, GREATER FAITH

JOSEPH CUNNEEN



It is quite clear that until recently American Catholics believed too much

Before the opening of the Second Vatican Council in 1962 Commonweal *published a series of articles on the general theme of "What the Layman Wants from the Church"—a series later issued in paperback by Herder and Herder under the title* The Layman in the Church. *Now we have invited the authors of that series to take another look at themselves and the post-conciliar church, their fears and disappointments, their hopes and expectations, all from the vantage point of today, ten years after the Council's inception. This is the first article in the series.*

—THE EDITORS

The present moment of deep discouragement among American Catholics is especially painful for those who participated in the widespread euphoria encouraged by the apparent victories of the so-called liberal majority at the Second Vatican Council. The truth is that the achievements of the Council, although they far exceeded my modest expectations, provided no solid basis for anticipating an evangelical millennium. With so many in shock at the statistical decline of institutional Catholicism, however, it may be an appropriate time to call attention to the more impressive fact of the continuing presence of the risen Jesus among his followers.

Part of the responsibility for our current confusion certainly lies in the naiveté of those Catholics who welcomed the tone of most of the Council statements but were apparently mesmerized by the temporary attention given the church by the media during the 1962-1965 period. Despite the efforts of responsible and perceptive reporters in Rome, a headline-oriented simplification of issues encouraged many to believe that the "success" of the Council was to be measured by the degree to which its conclusions appeared to conform to the unexamined dogmas of the secular liberal establishment. It was easy, for example, for the *New York Times* editorial-writer to pat bishops approvingly for a belated acceptance of the separation of church and state, but was he any more interested than a Curia bureaucrat in the still tentative emphasis on the church of the poor? The American ethos was unchallenged by the apparent trend during those years—supported by an understandable, but disproportionate expenditure of energy by Catholic laymen—toward official revisionism on the subject of birth control; what would have happened if TV specials, as well as intense discussions among both bishops and people, had shown equal concern, in those years of increasing U.S. involvement in Vietnam, for the relevant passages on modern war in the Constitution on the Church in the Modern World?

In addition, the casting of Council proceedings in the style of a Hollywood western allowed some to read the top-heavy final votes—2064 to 58 on religious liberty, for example—as if all but a few bishops (probably from Spain or Arab-dominated lands of the Middle East) had suddenly been converted to progressivism. A more realistic analysis would have suggested that despite the merits of the newer, moderate consensus among northern European theologians—to which, after all, *Cross Currents* had devoted many of its pages in its first fifteen years of existence—a genuine assimilation of new thought forms could not proceed so quickly and easily. Spokesmen for the avant garde seemed often to forget that if changes were to be more than theoretical, the in-

JOSEPH CUNNEEN *is Managing Editor of the quarterly review,* Cross Currents.

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fluence of racism, sexism and imperialism on the standard operating procedures of Roman Catholicism were perhaps deserving of greater attention than the ideas of Teilhard or Schillebeeckx.

Ten years ago, responding to *Commonweal*'s request for a pre-Council statement, I indicated a basic skepticism as to whether, despite Pope John's open-ended invitation, the bishops were genuinely interested in hearing my opinions, or those of ordinary laymen in general. Whether on the local, diocesan, or international level, despite the Acts of the Apostles and the history of religious orders, Catholicism was failing to nourish its members with a convincing experience of community. Conciliar encouragement of lay participation in the liturgy, and increasing emphasis on the church as "the people of God" suggest some theoretical gains, but in 1972 the atomization of the American Catholic population is even further advanced. A moment of promise was surely lost when the bishops returned from the Council and failed to seize the occasion to barnstorm through their dioceses, explaining the intentions of forthcoming changes and building an atmosphere of mutual trust in which they might be carried out. The intervening years have seen a certain demythologizing of the hierarchical apparatus, which probably represents a net gain, but has it really made conversation more spontaneous and loving between bishops, priests and laymen, or even between a teaching sister and the local pastor? Those in authority often seem unconcerned with the meaning of authority in the New Testament (see Father McKenzie's book of that title), while too many of the rest of us are strangely afflicted with righteous fantasies of a sinless church, or one made vaguely in the image of parliamentary democracy.

Whatever contradictory factors might be cited regarding the past decade of American Catholicism, the changes have created a situation in which all of us are forced to take on far greater responsibility in giving an adult response to Christ's invitation to freedom. Sad to say, but not surprisingly, the general reaction has been that of fear. Bishops are afraid to surrender their outmoded roles as "princes of the church" to make an act of confidence in their priests and faithful, and to accept the fact that Christ's promise to remain with the church happily relativizes dependence on their theological acumen and their prudential judgment. Self-styled progressives, on the other hand, still operate as if the church consisted merely of the hierarchy or could be completely accounted for in terms of its visible components; they would rather waste time blaming bishops than acting, spontaneously and without resentment, on their birthright as adopted sons of God.

It is easy to understand the unhappiness of someone trained in an Italian seminary, who sees the whole fabric of Christian life falling apart because the absolutes are no longer treated as absolute, the priest is no longer honored in his role as "answer man," and there is no longer a clearly definable Catholic position on everything under the sun. But what are we to think of those who constantly profess themselves "shocked" at the predictable limitations of ecclesiastical documents (which most often are going to reflect the social and intellectual conservatism of their authors, with a curious mish-mash of pre-Council and Council vocabularies), but are unwilling to bear the burden of reflecting painfully on specific issues, drawing on both the Christian and the wider human community for insight, and acting on their own conscience?

For too long, for too many, at least in America, Catholicism was a religion performed—and perhaps believed—by others in our name. The priest offered Mass in our behalf, but rarely took on the immense task of attempting to teach us how to pray. Bishops acted on behalf of their priests, and Rome promulgated on behalf of bishops. The Pope was infallible, which raised problems for few of us at the time, but who prayed on his behalf, who talked to him as a brother, to whom could he confess his doubts, and could he ever speak to us as man and not as Pope?

Being a Catholic meant too much the external performance of certain outward acts, often without much connection between these acts and their significance. Believing meant the acceptance of a whole list of formulas, more or less the end-result—highly condensed and devitaminized—of brilliant intellectual thought-structures that others had erected, and about which rumors sometimes reached us that so-and-so was somehow threatening this or that detail. It was a fearful thing to put the accent on the wrong syllable in repeating one of these formulas, but what had they to do with our lives, and had God really sent his Son on earth in order that we memorize them?

Now, too quickly, even brutally in some cases, many of our comfortable assumptions—which seemed to come with growing up in the old neighborhood, where much of one's identity was supplied by a socio-ethnic totality —have been questioned, and it becomes increasingly difficult to be "automatically" a Catholic because one's name is Irish, or Polish or Italian or Mexican. We remember vaguely that Abraham, our father in faith, was told that he had to get up and leave the land where he had settled, but we don't really want to be part of a pilgrim church, we want to stay put. When told *we* are the church, we secretly believe we are being conned, suddenly feel terribly alone, and sometimes reach sheepishly for Monsignor's hand, hoping he will lead us in one more reassuring chorus of "Mother dear, Oh Pray for me." Alternatively, a delayed adolescence has given birth to a frequently conformist abandonment of the church, often in a style making only too evident a strange nostalgia for a static Tridentine Catholicism, where at least "one knew where one stood."

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The candid observer of the American Catholic scene today is caught between giving reassurance to his favorite aunt that the middle-aged priest who was just laicized may well have acted out of a profound sense of fidelity to Christ, and asking romantic reformists of whatever age to provide alternatives when they talk bravely of "not needing institutional structures" and of "not caring what bishops say." All the while, there is a widespread vacuum of leadership, and an almost equal irresponsibility among both authority and anti-authority factions as regards aiding the community of the faithful to grow to a more purified and mature understanding of their Christian vocation.

It is quite clear that until recently American Catholics believed too much: along with genuine elements of faith, we had absorbed large amounts of sometimes harmless, sometimes stultifying folklore, history, comparative religion and politics. We all have difficulty now in sorting things out, but only as we work with others in the service of our neighbors will we be able to develop a better sense of priorities. As we strive to find our way, remembering to see Christianity as a life to be shared rather than an ideology to be defended, the grace of perseverance will be given to those with the rock-bed conviction that all men have already been reconciled in Christ.

If this conviction were really part of us, we would also be humbler in our partisan claims, and better able to convert the losses of today's crises into spiritual gains. If we paid more than lip-service to the ideal of fraternity, feeling it in our bones as the order created by God, we would be less tempted to practice various forms of religious imperialism not only on the citizens of non-Western countries, or on Protestants and Jews, but also on fellow-Catholics who do not share our temporary enthusiasms! It might then become the most natural thing in the world to learn from our neighbor, and to assume—regardless of his social, educational, or religious background—that we have more to receive than to give.

With such a habit of mind, it would also be easier to achieve the maturity necessary to withstand inevitable further shocks to the comfortable, and excessively luxuriant faith of our childhood. The institutions and thought-patterns of Christianity are surely not exempt from the law of its founder that unless the seed fall into the ground and die, it cannot bear fruit. But a Christian who knew that God's work of reconciliation had already been accomplished could accept guitar Masses with the same equanimity he formerly endured novenas. Clearly what is needed today is not a new preacher-celebrity to replace Bishop Sheen, or a new movement-of-the-hour to keep bored parishioners busy, but an ability to laugh at our own arrogance, at the not-yet-purged Catholic tendency to claim a monopoly on the divine computer. But who will give us confidence to suffer the loss of more of our old illusions, by reminding us to look ahead with the serene knowledge that Christianity is the youngest of religions, with catholicism more an adjectival statement of aspiration than an accurate description of the church of Rome? Who will get us ready for the alternate life-styles implicit in the still-future genuinely indigenous expressions of Christianity in Asia, Africa, and even Latin America? The most serious preparations, like a life of prayer, will go on in private, unnoticed by the media but for U.S. Catholics they will surely involve the progressive destruction of our many idols as we gradually begin to face up to the implications that Christianity is neither white nor male nor capitalist nor middle class nor American.

SLUMBER IN HOLLAND?

PETER FREIBERG

The outward political tranquillity does not mean that the issues raised by radicals in the past decade have been settled

Of all the youthful radical movements that sprang up in the West in the 1960s, none was more imaginative than the Dutch Provos. To a normally stolid country, the Provos (for Provocateurs) brought a sense of fun and political excitement. Their proposals, like the "white bikes" plan to bar cars from central Amsterdam and provide unlocked white bicycles for people to use and then leave for the next rider, elicited smiles and approval from many Dutch. The Provos encouraged people to look at their problems in a new light and inspired students and other groups to demand reforms.

Today, the Dutch "New Left" along with the rest of the country, gives the appearance of having fallen into a political slumber. The Provos and their successors, the Kabouters ("elves"), have disbanded. University students are quiet. The unions show no signs of mili-

PETER FREIBERG, *a reporter for the* New York Post, *spent the summer in The Netherlands.*

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tancy. Vatican pressure has slowed the Catholic *aggiornamento*. And even the politicians seem a bit disturbed at their inability thus far to rouse much voter interest in November's national elections.

The outward political tranquillity does not mean that the issues radicals raised in the past decade have been settled. The housing shortage remains acute, city planning still gives priority to commercial development and the automobile over people and unbridled economic growth continues to be pursued despite environmental effects; neither the influence of big business on the conservative coalition government nor the role of NATO and the U.S. in determining foreign policy has been significantly reduced. Rather, the surface calm reflects several developments, some of them common to other Western nations and others unique to the Netherlands.

The young, middle-class students, professionals and dropouts who formed the Provos in 1965 were in part protesting against the negative side of the unparalleled postwar economic boom. They viewed the race to produce more and more consumer goods, whether needed or not, as leading to a host of problems, not the least of which was pollution. In broad terms, most Dutch radicals were and are anarchists, seeking a decentralized society in which workers, students and citizens would have policy-making roles in factories, schools and government.

From the beginning, the radical movement has followed flexible tactics, described by Roel van Duyn, a Kabouter leader and respected environmentalist, as "fighting with two hands." The first part of this strategy involves openly competing in the electoral arena. In 1970, the Kabouter party won 12.5 per cent of the vote and 5 out of 45 seats in the Amsterdam City Council elections, plus seats in the Hague and four other cities. The other part calls for providing examples of alternative ways of organizing society. Toward this end, the Kabouters organized the "Orange Free State" consisting of a dozen sections, ranging from a department of agriculture to encourage organic farming to a department for older people, in which volunteers ministered to the needs of the elderly.

But the Kabouters, like the Provos, foundered on their inability to recruit a stable membership that would accept responsibility on a regular basis. Nor were they able to surmount another obstacle familiar to European and American left-wing movements: convincing the middle class—which in the Netherlands includes almost the entire population—that it has more to gain than to lose by rejecting the status quo. The Dutch, who live in a country where poverty is practically non-existent, there are no slums, medical care is excellent and the cities are still livable, are understandably fearful of drastic change.

Still another element in the movement's decline is what Janette Grainger, the American author of the *Living Guide to Amsterdam*, calls "the politics of toleration." Instead of harassing the counter-culture, the government has offered it financial support. Sanctions against smoking marijuana and hashish have virtually been eliminated, and the government subsidizes several youth clubs that have become famous for their free atmosphere. These clubs, however, have not become incubators of political activism, as the radicals originally hoped, but have simply made it easier for young people to get stoned and forget the world outside.

Government subsidies are also available for an extraordinary range of innovative projects initiated by private organizations. While many of these activities are worthwhile and deserve government help, their dependence on public funds has inevitably led to restrictions on their scope and a loss of independence.

Yet Dutch radicals stress, with good reason, the other side of the coin. "The tolerant climate, compared to the U.S. or France or Germany," says van Duyn, "supports radical ideas and groups more than preventing them, because it gives them the ground to flower. It prevents people from getting completely desperate. I think it's a false idea that a dictatorship is the best system to create resistance."

The radicals assert that their own efforts to "change the people's mentality" as a pre-condition for change have in fact contributed to this expanding tolerance by the government. These same efforts, they say, are partly responsible for the increasing willingness of the average citizen to challenge the authorities.

Evidence of this new attitude is found in the proliferation in recent years of locally-based "action groups." Focused around such issues as pollution and neighborhood preservation, these organizations are most numerous in Amsterdam—the center of radical strength—but now total about 3,000 throughout the country. Environment groups have forced passage of tougher anti-pollution laws, while in Amsterdam, neighborhood association have successfully fought to prevent further destruction of older sections of the city. Although less flamboyant than the Provos and Kabouters, the action groups may ultimately have a greater impact because their members include a wider population segment.

The Netherlands, then, is not as quiescent as it appears. Most radicals tend to be optimistic, asserting that the ferment of the '60s set the stage for profound changes in the '70s. Van Duyn and others hope for an alliance among the radicals, left-wing Catholics and opposition Social Democrats, who some observers believe stand a good chance of scoring parliamentary gains this month. But mixed with the optimism is uncertainty. As Edu Bratt, who works in an alternate planning organization in Amsterdam, put it: "Holland has altered a lot. In a way, almost anything now is possible. Then (before the Provos) it wasn't. But we're in a phase now in which nobody knows what's going to happen."

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THE SCREEN

As *Savage Messiah* shows, Ken Russell would like to be someone else, but he can't because he's trapped by his own sensibilities. The person Russell would like to be—not in fact, perhaps, but in spirit—is Henri Gaudier-Brzeska. Does that name sound familiar? No? Well, that's one of the things Russell likes most about Henri: his obscurity, his ability to lie forgotten in the mind of the world for so many years, and yet to be remembered in the end. Henri Gaudier (Scott Antony) was an unknown artist living in Paris in 1910 when he met Sophie Brzeska (Dorothy Tutin), an equally unknown Polish novelist better than twice his age. Within a year they had hied off to London where they joined names but not, apparently, bodies. After three more years of this hyphenated arrangement, Henri was beginning to make another new name for himself as a sculptor. On the verge of discovery, however, he suddenly joined the Allied Armies and seems to have enjoyed the carnage in France immensely until he became a part of it on June 5, 1915.

Though *Savage Messiah* is ostensibly a love story, it is primarily Henri's love of his work that appeals to Russell. It is with Henri's art that all Russell's sympathies lie. Russell tries to identify wholly with the young sculptor. Imagining Henri as a man whose bodily movements were impulsive, sweeping and erratic, Russell moves his camera the same way—sometimes zooming, swooping or jumping the camera's position as if he were unconsciously imitating the mannerisms of his hero. How much Russell looks up to Henri is especially noticeable, because it is literally the case, in scenes where Henri is sculpting.

Henri's career as a sculptor begins when he brags to an art dealer about a torso he's done. The dealer wants to see it at nine the next morning, but the truth is Henri has never done it or any other sculpture. Undeterred, Henri drags Sophie and his agent to a cemetery to steal a tombstone. He knocks off the stone everything that doesn't look like a beautiful torso, in effect learning to sculpt overnight. As he pounds away, marble chips flying in sharp relief against Russell's bright but indirect lighting, the camera takes a low angle whose upshot is to give Henri a decidedly epic look. When the dealer doesn't show in the morning, Henri chucks the torso through a plate-glass window at the dealer's gallery.

It is a moot point whether Russell's scriptwriter, Christopher Logue, discovered any basis in fact for this monumental episode. It is clearly only legend that Russell cares about anyway. You can't help feeling that Russell is really rather envious of Henri's dire poverty, his unconsummated love affair, and the anonymity to which he was condemned in his own lifetime. It seems that Russell himself would almost like to be such an artist—one half oblivious to the world, half contemptuous of it, and wholly consumed with art for its own sake. If this yearning is what attracts Russell to Henri, we may chalk it up in part to the natural recalcitrance of any filmmaker against the constrictions of his medium. As an artist, Henri is the anti-self of the movie director who must collaborate, compromise, succeed on other people's terms and make loads of money in order to work at all.

But the universal conditions of his art are not all that keep Russell from being Henri. Russell's ending betrays him here. What finally ingratiates Henri to Russell most is Henri's untimely death. In a nightclub one evening, Henri's agent reads aloud one of his letters from the front. "The man who wrote that ought to be shot," someone sneers. "He was," the agent replies, "last week." On this remark Russell cuts to Henri's posthumous show, and intercuts shots of Sophie sobbing. Russell's story of a man's love for art thus ends uncomfortably like that other Love Story, even including a snappy one-line put-down. Secretly Russell might wish he dared to make an art, like Henri's, so great that the world would reject it, but popular appeal comes too naturally to Russell. His desire to be great is dissipated by his capacity to be mediocre. His ambition to create unique art is corrupted by the conventionality of his moral judgments.

What kind of head games Robert Altman is playing in *Images* can be seen from the credits. Susannah York plays Cathryn while Cathryn Harris plays Susannah. René Auberjonois is Hugh, Hugh Millais is Marcel, and Marcel Bozzuffi is René. The reason for this double billing is that the film is attempting to portray a young woman with a double personality, a schizophrenic, Cathryn (i.e., Susannah), from a subjective point of view. The result is that the dialogue sounds like double-talk much of the time and the film itself affects us with double vision. But then, speaking of double-talk, Altman says he's photographed the film in a new "black and white color" process, which may account for our double vision.

When Cathryn flips out, her husband, Hugh, takes her for some R and R at their country place where René, who's dead, tries to hustle her. Then Marcel, who's very much alive, goes after Cathryn too. This leaves her so confused that she sees herself lying in bed and has hysterics. To clear the air a little, she blasts René with a shotgun and stabs Marcel with a butcher knife. (Since the former was always dead, he never comes back to life, whereas since the latter was always alive, he never lets on he's dead.) At last Cathryn tries to get a grip on herself—or at least half of herself—with the front end of her car, but she misses and/or hits Hugh instead.

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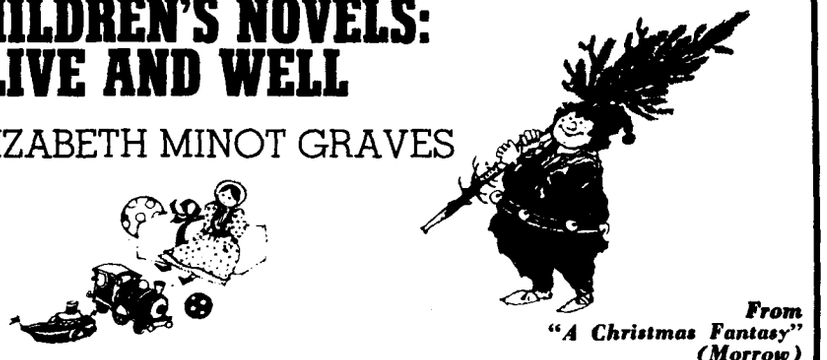
Although apparently intended as a serious treatment of schizophrenia, *Images* never becomes for us more than a mere puzzle. We are made to piece together Cathryn's past relations with the three men just the way Cathryn and Susannah, Marcel's daughter, piece together a jigsaw puzzle throughout the film. Like a set of wind chimes—another of the disconnected images that recur throughout *Images*—the film is full of sound and fury that signifies nothing. Its images seem meaningful, in fact, only as involuted images for itself. Altman's imagination has always had a tendency to be abstract in the way that it is here. Stories don't generate images for him: images generate stories. *M*A*S*H* was organized, successfully, around laughable gore. In *Brewster McCloud*, however, the image of bird shit was less coherent, more detached. René Auberjonois' lectures on birds never really had anything to do with the rest of the film. *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* avoided these problems, but *Images* makes up for lost time.. Like an army of Triffids or some other sci-fi beast, the images now invade Altman's mind and take over.

The clue to Cathryn's troubled mind seems to be contained in the answer Hugh has for one of the riddles he is incessantly posing. The answer is, "One is both the same," and the one difficulty with it is that it's a riddle too. But it fits Cathryn's life with herself. She fails as a dramatic character because we can never see any real conflict within her. We can't tell one half of her personality from the other. One is both the same. Like Hugh's riddle, Cathryn's personality and Altman's film are both nonsense.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

CHILDREN'S NOVELS: ALIVE AND WELL

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES



From "A Christmas Fantasy" (Morrow)

"THE novel is dying!" one hears from all sides. "The novel will soon be dead."

Maybe the adult novel is dying, though I have an optimistic faith in its future, but novels for children and young people are very much alive and well. If anything, indeed, more outstanding novels are being written for boys and girls than ever before.

An especially exciting new talent is that of Jane Gardam. Her first book, *A Long Way from Verona* (Ages 10-15. $4.95) was published last spring by Macmillan and followed this fall by *A Few Fair Days*. (Ages 9-12. $4.95)

The first is the story of Jessica Vye, a teenage girl with a passion for writing, whose strong and original character and whose compulsion to tell the truth often get her in trouble with the Establishment, including three demerits one terrible day at school. A wry description of awakening interest in the opposite sex, it describes Jessica's first beau who takes her to the slums on a date, as he is in love with reforming, and of her disillusionment with him during an air raid. The minor characters are all unusually well realized, including Jessica's friends and teachers at school, her father, a minister with Socialistic ideals, and her mother, who looks back nostalgically at the days when she had more fashionable friends. This is a story of family life as well of adolescence, of England during World War II, and most important of all of what it means to be a writer and to feel you have created something really good.

The author's own writing is strong, terse, witty and full of exuberance for life. The subthemes are extremely well integrated into the whole; there are many hilarious sad-happy incidents, with much to say on many levels.

A Few Fair Days, laid in a town on the Yorkshire coast just before World War II, is more loosely knit than *Not Far From Verona* and a little slower and quieter in pace, but then it is about a younger child. Lucy, however, is very much like Jessica Vye for she too is imaginative, vulnerable, often wild, and "probably a little bit mad because in her heart she felt she was not Lucy at all but really the Princess of Cleves." This is a series of vignettes of her escapades and happy days growing up in a town filled with relatives, filled with nostalgia that will appeal to adults. As Lucy loves to read poetry and her parents strongly resemble the Vyes, one is left with the feeling that both Jessica and Lucy are probably Jane Gardam at different stages of her childhood. Why, one wonders, has Mrs. Gardam waited all these years to be published? One can only give thanks that she is writing in earnest at last, and hope for many more books with the same humor, insight and wonderfully natural conversation as these.

Another book with a heroine like Jessica Vye is *A Sound of Trumpets* by Mollie Hunter. (Ages 10-15. Harper. $4.95) It is laid in Scotland and tells of another girl who wants to be a writer. Bridie McShane is the most

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boisterous in a family of five children and the favorite of her father, a man of great strength, tenderness and love of life. Halfway through the book, the father dies and Bridie is not only desolate with grief, but haunted by the knowledge that one day she, too, will die and that "Time's winged chariot is hurrying near."

After several years, and with the help of an understanding teacher, Bridie comes to realize that she can live for her father, whom she is so much like, and build outwardly, creatively, from her grief, using her new, heightened awareness of life to snatch moments from its passing stream, permanently, in poetry.

Mrs. Hunter's earlier books have been fast-moving, appealing novels of suspense. Her British agent and publisher advised her against publishing this book for they felt the subjects of death and grief were unsuitable for children. The happy sections should be made into a separate novel, they said.

How fortunate it is that Harper and Row disagreed, for this is a richer, more valuable book than any she has done before. The idea that certain subjects are not for children is ridiculous! Children often worry about death and time passing, and certainly experience sorrow and desolation in many forms, and it will be a help to them to have a book that treats these subjects seriously. Courageous, stubborn, sensitive Bridie and her brilliant, compassionate father are characters they won't quickly forget. The relationship between father and daughter is an unusually beautiful one, and so is that between husband and wife, who are extremely close despite their differences: he with his vision of Christ as a revolutionary fighting for a world of truth and justice, she with her more conservative orthodox religious beliefs.

My only criticism of the book is that the style changes after the father's death. There is less specific scenework and conversation. Of course, Bridie turns inward during this period, and inevitably much concerns thought and emotion; even so, I wish Mollie Hunter had tried just a little harder to give some of this material greater dramatization.

Fortunately Mollie Hunter is not alone in believing children's novels should face the great experiences of life head on, realistically. *Celebrate the Morning* by Ella Thorp Ellis (Ages 11-15. Atheneum. $4.95) is the story of a girl whose mother is mentally ill, who gradually comes to accept the fact, and to realize that she is not old enough yet to live life completely on her own while her mother is treated in a mental hospital. It is a difficult subject, handled with insight and skill; the characters are rounded and complex, the mother has shining moments of lucidity, and the girl has devotion, tenacity and a touching mixture of weakness and strength. The life of the farming town in California where the girl lives makes a well-painted backdrop.

The Summer People by John Rowe Townsend (Ages 12-16. Lippincott. $4.95) is a sensitive and understanding picture of young people during a summer by the sea. Philip Martin and Sylvia Pilling are considered so suited for each other by everyone at the little resort, but each has a bittersweet encounter with another. World War II, about to end everyone's summers by the sea for a long time, overshadows and intensifies the relationships.

The Witches of Worm by Zilpha Keatley Snyder, illustrated by Alton Raible (Ages 9-13. Atheneum. $4.25) describes an angry, belligerent young person, twelve-year-old Jessica for whom family life has not been easy. Her father has long since left home and her glamorous, divorced mother is out a great deal with a new beau. Brandon, with whom Jessica used to spend exciting hours acting out adventures from books, has deserted her for some boys, or so she thinks, and her girl friend has found a new and richer chum. Spending her lonely hours reading books on witchcraft, Jessica comes to believe that the strange kitten she found in a hillside cave is a demon ordering her to wreck the lives of those who have hurt her.

"We all invite our own demons," a strange but wise Mrs. Fortune tells her, "and we must all exorcise our own." This is a haunting story of the power of mind and ritual, as well as of misunderstanding, anger, loneliness and friendship. It is written with humor, pace, a sure feeling for conversation and a warm understanding of human nature.

The Man Without a Face by Isabelle Holland (Ages 12-16. Lippincott. $4.95) tells of a lonely, fourteen-year-old boy whose father is dead and who has never known an adult he could communicate with or trust, and of a relationship that flowers during the summer with his tutor, a man with a terribly scarred face, who is equally lonely and hostile at first.

This is one of the few novels for young people that has dared to touch on the subject of homosexuality, and it is an unusually moving and beautiful story, sad, happy, funny and wise. Parents need not be afraid to have their children read this; indeed young people may be reassured to realize that love between members of the same sex can be very natural, and that one act of overt homosexuality need not imply real homosexuality. The only weakness of the book is that Isabelle Holland shies away from describing the final crisis between the teacher and the boy, and also, too tidily, has the teacher, who is a confirmed homosexual, die from a heart attack not long afterwards, so that the relationship can never be be continued.

Bonnie Jo Go Home by Jeanette Eyerly (Ages 13-16. Lippincott. $4.50) also deals with a problem—that of the unwed mother. In specific, carefully researched detail it tells of a sixteen-year-old girl who goes on her own to New York to get an abortion, of her difficulties finding a doctor, of all her worries, heartbreak and humiliation.

There has been a flood of books about unwanted pregnancies recently and though this is better than most, especially as it gives such explicit advice about what to expect, I feel that a really good nonfiction book is what is needed here. *Ask Beth, You Can't Ask Your Mother.* (Houghton Mifflin.

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$5.95) written by Elizabeth Winship, a Boston newspaper columnist who consults frequently with psychiatrists, doctors, teachers, and ministers, discusses sex and pregnancy among many other things, in her book of advice for teenager, and in a down-to-earth, common sense manner, with the all-important suggestion to go get *professional* advice when in trouble. A novel may help a kid feel he is not the only one to have gone through a bad experience, but it won't tell him or her what number to call for help.

Most of these novels about young people in trouble because of sex or drugs are so dreary and preachy. The writers are frequently middle-class, middle-aged men and women looking with condescension on their subjects, most of whom are poor—as if the rich never got in trouble. Molly Hunter's English publisher may have made the mistake of telling her some subjects are unsuitable for children, but some other publishers go to the opposite extreme of grinding out one book after another on pregnancy, dope, and trouble with the police. The books may scare some kids into being more careful, but most aren't really novels for they lack rounded characters or any real picture of the strengths that help mankind surmount tragedy.

There are several awfully good comic novels this year, bound to cheer anybody up. The most original is *Freaky Friday* by Mary Rogers. (Ages 10-14. Harper. $3.95) "You are not going to believe me," the teenage heroine starts out, "but I woke up this morning and found I'd turned into my mother." And the mother had turned into Annabel! What Annabel learns about herself, and her mother, during the hilarious events of the day makes for absolutely delicious reading.

The Bad Times of Irma Baumlein by Carol Ryrie Brink, illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman (Ages 9-12. Macmillan. $4.95) describes a new girl in town, who claims to have the biggest doll in the world in order to establish herself with a classmate. Trapped by her lie, she somehow has to produce the doll to exhibit at a school fair, and has a shattering experience as she shoplifts a lifesize dummy from a department store. This book arrived this summer when I was on vacation and was fought over by me, a nine-year-old visitor, and my eighteen-year-old daughter and her best friend, both about to depart for college. The book certainly denies the generation-gap myth, for not only did it appeal to us all, and strongly, but it is written by someone by no means young herself. Many thanks Mrs. Brink for making us all laugh so lightheartedly.

Mom, the Wolf Man, and Me by Norm Klein (Pantheon. $4.50) is a sophisticated city story for 10- to 14-year-olds that is part comic, part serious. Brett, whose peace-marching, photographer mother never married, and who thinks she prefers things that way, struggles to keep her mother single. The clever conversation, an offbeat but very moral family situation, and a warm grandfather-child relationship, distinguish this honest, fast moving, and refreshing story.

Historical stories are less popular than they used to be with children, but there is always a place for good ones. *The Bright and Morning Star* (Ages 10-14. Macmillan. $4.95) is an outstanding novel of intrigue and suspense, laid in ancient Egypt, that has many philosophical and religious overtones. The enlightened king of Kemi, whose throne is threatened, and his sensitive and intelligent daughter Ta-Thata, half in love with her tutor, are only two of the many characters in this rich, romantic, exotic novel written with a poet's feel for words.

Only Earth and Sky Last Forever by Nathaniel Benchley (Ages 11-16. Harper. $4.50) describes the broken promises of the American settlers and soldiers against the Indians in the West. A strong, terse, flowing story told by a young Indian fighting with Crazy Horse, it tells of his longing to remain free from the reservations, and of his desire to prove himself to the girl he loves. Tragic of necessity, it sings of the best in man as well as the worst.

The Upstairs Room by Joanna Reiss (Ages 9-13. Crowell. $4.50) is a dramatization of the author's own experiences as a child in Nazi-occupied Holland during World War II. In danger for their lives because they are Jewish, the De Leeuw family is forced to split up, and Annie and her older sister, Sini, are hidden for several years in the upstairs bedroom of a Christian family's farmhouse. What it means never to go out, to see another child one day of the year as a dangerous treat on your birthday, and the horror of finding German soldiers are to be stationed elsewhere in the farmhouse—these are but a few of the events in this moving story of courage and kindness.

The Diddakoi, a novel by Rumer Godden (Viking. $5.95), laid in the English countryside of today, is a timeless story of love and the need for companionship, and of the invincibility of the human spirit, as a standoffish and fiercely independent orphaned gypsy girl is befriended by a gruff old admiral and a wise and unusual minister. It is a story of stupidity and ignorance too, as some of the do-good villagers almost wreck the gypsy girl's chance of happiness. As usual this is written with Rumer Godden's special charm and enchantment; the end is perhaps a little neater and more sentimental than in her earlier books but then this is sort of a fairy tale. Anyway it is nice to have an old-fashioned, happy ending once in a while.

In the *Diddakoi* as in Jane Gardam's books and in many of these other novels, the adults as well as the children are important and fully realized. The author is at once a child and at the same time someone outside childhood, looking at it with lucidity and vision. The *Diddakoi* was advertised by the publisher, The Viking Press, for both adults and children. Who knows who Rumer Godden wrote it for in her heart. Need there be a special target? Must there be an arbitrary division between books for children and adults? Many of the books advertised for young people will have meaning for grownups as well. If their own novels are dying, I suggest that adults turn to juvenile fiction for rewarding reading.

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From "The Winter Cat" (Harper & Row)

A Selected List of Children's Books

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

Arthur's Christmas Cookies. Written and Ill. by Lillian Hoban. Harper. $2.50.

Arthur decides to make Christmas cookies for his parents, and his bossy sister and all his friends try to help—with near-catastrophic results. 4-8.

Countdown to Christmas. Written and Ill. by Bill Feet. Golden Gate. $5.95.

Santa's plan to modernize himself backfires, but he saves Christmas just in time. A big, gay book. 4-8.

A Christmas Fantasy. By Carolyn Haywood. Ill. by G. and V. Ambrus. Morrow. $3.95.

Carolyn Haywood has made a wonderful contribution to permanent Christmas lore with her original version of Santa's origin. Sparkling pictures. 4-8.

The Twelve Days of Christmas. Ill. by Brian Wildsmith. Watts. $3.95.

Brilliant, joyful pictures. 4-8.

The Best Christmas Pageant Ever. By Barbara Robinson. Ill. by Judith Gwin Brown. Harper. $3.95.

One of the best Christmas books ever, is this hilarious and poignant story of an outrageous family of unwanted children who took over the annual Christmas pageant at church and not only learned about the true spirit of Christmas themselves but taught others. 8-12.

Parents' Magazine Christmas Holiday Book. Ill. by Oscar Liebman. Reproductions of paintings. Parents'. $4.95.

The story of Christmas and its customs, plus holiday tales, songs, cookery, etc. A holiday feast for the entire family, liberally garnished with illustrations.

RELIGION AND THE SUPERNATURAL

Noah and the Rainbow. Retold by Max Hollinger. Trans. by Clyde Robert Bulla. Ill. by Helga Aichinger. Crowell. $4.50.

A brief poetic retelling, with large sensitive paintings. 4-8.

The Wicked City. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Ill. by Leonard Everett Fisher. Farrar. $4.50.

A strikingly illustrated version of the Bible story about Lot and Abraham. 6-10.

The Bethlehem Star. Created by Schuyler Van Vechten and 52 children. Walker. $4.95.

As if they were reporters in Jesus' lifetime, children write up New Testament events, giving the stories fresh meaning, vigor and immediacy. 5-12.

And the Sun God Said, That's Hip. By Ernest Gregg. Ill. by G. Faldon Beazer. Harper. $4.95.

In powerful, joyous black poetry and sun-filled pictures, this tells of the creation of the earth and brothers of all colors who, together, reflect God's rays. 5-10.

Witches. Pumpkins, and Grinning Ghosts: The Story of the Halloween Symbols. By Edna Barth. Ill. by Ursula Arndt. Seabury. $5.50.

The religious, historical, and mythical origins of Halloween. Wonderful! 7-12.

Maypoles and Wood Demons: The Meaning of Trees. By Elizabeth S. Helfman. Ill. by Richard Cuffari. Seabury. $5.95.

Legends, ceremonies and superstitions, both pagan and Christian, that grew from man's respect for trees and faith in the renewal of life. Fascinating, invaluable. 8-13.

The Impossible People. By Georgess McHargue. Ill. by Frank Bozzo. Holt. $6.95.

Giants, trolls, witches, demons, mermaids, faery folk: did any of them ever exist, and what are their habits and origins? A scholarly, lively and lighthearted book, a real contribution to folklore and comparative religion. 9-18.

Vampires and Other Ghosts. By Thomas Aylesworth. Old engravings. Addisonian. $4.50.

Erudite and entertaining. 12-adult.

Poltergeists: Hauntings and the Haunted. By David C. Knight. Photos. Lippincott. $1.95.

Poltergeists at work, and some theories about them. Intriguing! 11-adult.

Death is a Noun. By John Langone. Little. $5.95.

The author tries to break down the taboo of death, and describe ways of facing and accepting it. 12-adult.

PICTURE BOOKS

The Winter Cat. Written and Ill. by Howard Knotts. Harper. $3.50.

A wild gray cat and a family of children make friends as the winter goes by, and wait together for the return of summer. Lovely drawings capturing the

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mood of the winter land.

Jacko. Written and Ill. by John S. Goodall. Harcourt. $3.50.

A monkey's escape from captivity and adventures on the high seas, told in rollicking paintings without words.

Push-Pull, Empty-Full. Text and photos by Tina Hoban. Macmillan. $4.95.

Superb photographs of pairs of opposites make a magnificant picture book for the very youngest, who delight in identifying familiar things.

Hold My Hand. By Charlotte Zolotov. Ill. by Thomas di Grazia. Harper. $4.95.

A magic moment as two little friends walk together in the first snow.

I Saw a Ship A-Sailing. Pictures by Janina Domanska. Macmillan. $4.95.

Big, brilliant, patterned pictures immortalize this beloved rhyme.

Ira Sleeps Over, Written and Ill. by Bernard Waber. Houghton. $4.95.

Gently hilarious and warmly real, the story of a boy's fears and adventures his first night away from home.

The Adventures of Obadiah. Written and Ill. by Brinton Turkle. Viking. $4.50.

Tall-tale telling Obadiah has an adventure bigger than any he could have imagined at the Nantucket fair. Radiant pictures of island life.

Rebecka. Written and Ill. by Frank Asch. Harper. $3.50.

A very funny, very original story about a boy who loves his dog so much he thinks maybe he will marry her.

Minna and Pippin. Written and Ill. by Harriet Pincus. Farrar. $3.95.

A buoyant, happy little book about a little girl and her dear doll.

And My Mean Old Mother Will Be Sorry, Blackboard Bear. Written and Ill. by Martha Alexander. Dial. $3.95.

A little boy runs away from home with his imaginary bear. Charming, soft pictures in this easy-to-hold book.

Inspector Peckit. Written and Ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. $3.95.

A pigeon detective in Paris makes an excuse for lovely city scenes.

The Funny Little Woman. By Arlene Mosel. Ill. by Blair Lent. Dutton. $3.95.

A thrilling story of an escape from underground demons laid in Japan. Exotic, dreamlike paintings.

Miss Amanda Snap. Written and Ill. by Sheila Greenwald. Bobbs. $4.50.

One of the funniest, freshest picture books of the season, about a mouse-loving author and her romantic surprise.

From "How the Moon Began" (Abelard-Schuman)

Simon Boom Gives a Wedding. By Yuri Suhl. Ill. by Margot Zemach. Four Winds. $5.95.

Some wise nonsense about a proud man's come-uppance. Wry paintings.

The Drummer Boy of Vincennes. By Carl Carmer. Ill. by Seymour Fleishman. Harvey. $3.95.

A spirited, rhythmical story of a real Revolutionary drama. Two-color.

Easy Reading

Mark Twain. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Fermin Rocker. Putnam's. $2.97.

Charles Graves' zest, humor and love of adventure are so like Mark Twain's own that he was able to capture Twain's personality perfectly. A dramatic story with easy-reading type and rich, atmospheric drawings. 7-10.

The Popular Girls Club. By Phyllis Krasilovsky. Ill. by Trina Schart Hyman Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Barred from the "in" groups' secret club, a sensitive girl finds what true friendship really is. An appealing, everyday home-school story. 6-10.

The Seven Wishes of Joanna Peabody. By Genevieve Gray. Ill. by Elton Fax. Lothrop. $3.95.

A little girl whose Special Spirit appears on TV and grants her wishes, with both happy and horrible results. One of the most original, engaging stories of the year told with humor, wisdom and sprightly black dialogue. 6-10.

For Ma and Pa: On the Oregon Trail, 1844. By Wilma Pitchford Hays. Ill. by Peter Burchard. Coward. $3.95.
Pioneering courage and endurance as real-life John Sager, only 13, takes his brothers and sisters over the Rockies on his own. 7-11.

Mat Pit and the Tunnel Tenants. By Sheila Greenwald. Lippincott. $3.95.

Two odd-boys-out make friends and save some unusual pets in an apartment building from extinction. Much excitement and some very funny dialogue. 7-11.

Otherwise Known as Sheila the Great. By Judy Blume. Dutton. $4.50.

Sheila the great brain (but small in courage) overcomes some of her fears in this amusing, everyday story of friendship and fun during a summer vacation. 8-11.

Face Off. By Matt Christopher. Ill. by Harvey Kidder. Little. $4.25.

A new boy on a hockey team loves to skate but discovers he is "puck shy." Good action and hockey tips. 7-10.

Fairy, Folk Tales and Fantasy

Great Children's Stories. The Classic Volland Edition. Ill. by Frederick Richardson. Hubbard. $5.95.
The Three Bears, Chicken Licken and many other classic stories all with gay oldfashioned pictures. A big book to make the winter pass with delight. 4-9.

Once Upon a Time: The Fairy Tale World of Arthur Rackham. Edited By Margaret Dareel. Ill. by Arthur Rackham. Viking. $14.95.

This lovingly designed collection of

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tales with the Rackham illustrations (Irving, Barrie etc.) will delight artists and adults, as well as children.

Spooky Tales about Witches, Ghosts, Goblins, Demons, and Such. Compiled by Mildred C. Luckhardt. Ill. by Ralph McDonald. Abingdon. $5.95.

A treasure trove of spine-tingling tales, and a few poems, with introductions giving the religious and folk origins of the various spirits. 8-12.

Trolls. Written and Ill. by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday. $5.-95.

Facts about the many trolls and scary tales of humans outwitting them. Enchanting huge pictures. 5-9.

Guleesh. By Joseph Jacobs. Ill. by William Stobbs. Follett. $4.95.

A romantic story from Ireland of wee folk and a king's enchanted daughter. Rich, glowing paintings. 5-9.

Even the Devil is Afraid of a Shrew. By Valerie Stalder. Adapted by Ray Broekel. Ill. by Richard Brown. Addisonian. $4.95.

Spirited folktale from Lapland with bold and brilliant pictures. 5-8.

Mother Holly. By the Brothers Grimm. Retold and Illustrated by Bernadette Watts. Crowell. $4.50.

A kind sister, a lazy sister and a mean old mother in a magical story of goodness rewarded. Pleasant paintings. 5-8.

How the Moon Began. A Tale from Grimm adapted by James Reeves. Ill. by Edward Ardizzone. Abelard. $4.95.

Ardizzone's imaginative yet classic color drawings perfectly match the wistful, humorous mood of the tale. 5-9.

Soldier and Tsar in the Forest. A Russian Tale. Trans. by Richard Louirie. Ill. by Uri Shulevitz. Farrar. $5.95.

Magnificent, vibrant paintings of the Russian countryside enhance this stirring tale of courage and virtue rewarded. 5-9.

Magical Storybook. By Jay Williams. Ill. by Edward Sorel. Amer. Heritage. $4.95.

Four original, witty fairy tales laid in

Give them this day their daily bread.

Some of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet are in a constant state of semi-starvation. They subsist day in and day out on a few greens, some peas... and maybe a little corn pone or fat back once in awhile.

Yes, right here in the U.S.A....as you read these words...there are thousands of hungry children throughout the deep South whose lack of nourishment is affecting their present health as well as the development of their minds and bodies.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is aiding the neediest of these families through the federally sponsored Food Stamp Program. Under this program, $10 can buy an average of over $80 worth of urgently needed meat, milk, and bread for the hungry. $25—an amount you might normally spend to take your family out for one dinner—can feed a large family for a month! As one donor recently wrote—"where else can my modest donation do so much!"

Please help us in this effort by sending as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible. Thank you.

NAACP EMERGENCY RELIEF FUND, DEPT. G5 BOX 121, RADIO CITY STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

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a modern city kingdom. 5-9.

The Knee High Man and Other Tales. By Jules Lester. Ill. by Richard Pinto. Dial. $5.95.

Classic animal tales from slavery days that indirectly criticize the master-slave relationship. Country color. 5-10.

Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator. By Roald Dahl. Ill. by Joseph Schindelman. Knopf. $3.95.

Marvelous adventures in space in this sure-fire sequel to *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. Zany drawings. 8-12.

An Older Kind of Magic. By Patricia Wrightson. Ill. by Noela Young. Harcourt. $4.95.

A thrilling combination of ancient magic and 20th century reality as the little people of Aboriginal legend help some Australian children save a wild city park. 8-12.

A Castle of Bone. By Penelope Farmer. McElderry/Atheneum. $4.25.

A magic and terrifying cupboard that sends things and people back into stages of their past. A haunting, provocative, original novel. 9-13.

Stories for Ages 9-12

The Great Brain at the Academy. By John D. Fitzgerald. Ill. by Mercer Mayer. Dial. $4.95.

An irrepressible boy at a strict Catholic boarding school and the many scrapes he gets in—and out—of. His illegal and profitable Candy Club won't be quickly forgotten. Full of laughter.

Understood Betsy. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Ill. by Martha Alexander. Holt. $5.50.

An over-protected and frightened little girl goes to live with her self-reliant cousins on a Vermont farm. A lovely edition of a favorite classic.

Penegro. Written and Ill. by Hilda van Stockum. Farrar. $4.95.

Life in the Irish countryside, and the gypsies' respect for nature, enhance these adventures of an orphan boy who runs off to a gypsy camp.

From Anna. By Jean Little. Ill. by Joan Sandin. Harper. $4.95.

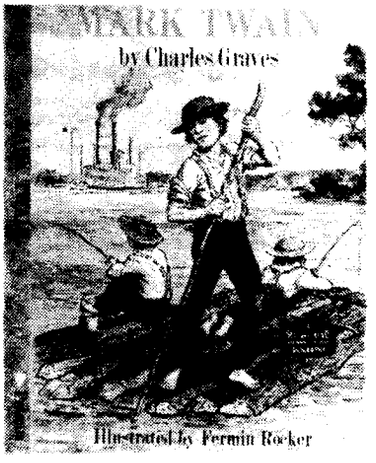
Being a refugee in a new country is bad enough, and having to go to a special school for poorly sighted children seems almost worse, but Anna finds friends and fulfillment to her surprise.

The Ice Ghosts Mystery. By Jane Louise Curry. McElderry-Atheneum. $5.95.

A thriller-diller laid in the Alps that combines ski lore, science, mythology, and some teenage American detectives.

The Tamarack Tree. By Betty Underwood. Ill. by Bea Holmes. Houghton. $4.95.

Laid in 1833, this is the story of a girl's determination to get a college education and be somebody, and her involvement with Prudence Crandall's school for blacks. A fine first novel.



From "Mark Twain" (Putnam's)

Fifth Inning Fade-Out. By C. Paul Jackson. Ill. by F. Torbet. Hastings. $4.95.

How Joe overcomes his pitching problems. Good sports detail.

The Taken Girl. By Elizabeth Gray Vining. Viking. $4.95.

An orphan girl, servant in a Quaker boarding house, makes friends with romantic John G. Whittier and is drawn into the antislavery struggle.

Catch a Killer. By George Woods. Harper. $4.95.

A boy held hostage in the woods by a killer, and the detective who tracks them down. Psychological overtones.

Teenage Novels

Mount Allegro. By Jerre Mangione. Introd. by Maria Cimino. Crown. $5.95.

A Sicilian boy raised in America as if his family had never left Italy: a vibrant story of family solidarity and immigrant life in the early 1900's.

Fog. By Mildred Lee. Seabury. $5.95.

Who am I? Where am I going? A high school boy gains maturity during a difficult year in a Southern town, when his father dies and his girl friend drops him. Warm, understanding writing.

Black Wolf of the Steppes. By Kurt David. Ill. by Hans Baltzer. Houghton. $4.95.

A stirring, beautifully written historical novel about the abuses of power and a comrade of Genghis Khan who becomes repulsed by his cruelty.

The Beethoven Medal. By K. M. Peyton. Crowell. $4.50.

Two adolescents on the verge of love, Patrick Pennington, a brilliant pianist whose aggressive streak keeps getting him into trouble and Ruth Hollis, stubborn, vulnerable and loyal.

Bad Fall. By Charles Crawford. Harper. $3.95.

A 9th grader, who longs to be popular, finds himself swept into a whirlwind of dangerous activity by a hypnotic new boy. Stylish writing by a new author.

The Poison Factory. By John Branfield. Harper. $4.95.

Made sharply aware of the dangers of a poison gas factory, after her father's death during research there, a teenage girl and her boyfriend put on a protest play.

Earwax. By Carolyn Balducci. Houghton. $4.95.

The coming of age of an American college girl as she traipses through Europe making a documentary movie.

This Star Shall Abide. By Sylvia Louise Engdahl. Ill. by Richard Cuffari. Atheneum. $6.25.

Rebelling against authority, a young

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man learns the secrets of the peopling of his planet and, to his surprise, accepts the religion he'd rejected. Tension-filled, beautiful and haunting.

Biography

Whitney M. Young, Jr.: Crusader for Equality. By Peggy Mann. Photos. Drawings by Victor Mays. Garrard. $3.00.

The first full biography of Young to be published, with special material from family members. Warm, dramatic. 7-11.

Father Flanagan: Founder of Boys Town. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by William Hutchinson. Garrard. $3.00.

"There is no such thing as a bad boy," said Father Flanagan, who brought fun and happiness to so many of them. A lively, appealing biography. 7-11.

A King in Haiti: The Story of Henri Christophe. By Basil Heatter. Ill. by Toni Evans. Farrar. $4.50.

Dramatic, lucid, concise. 9-14.

Set Her on a Throne. By Jan Westcott. Little. $6.95.

TV viewers who loved Elizabeth I will delight in romantic Ann Neville, an earlier and tragic queen. 12-16.

The Three Lives of Joseph Conrad. By Olivia Coolidge. Photos. Houghton. $5.95.

From "Adventures of Obadiah" (Viking Press)

An outstanding biography of a complex and unusual man. 12-18.

Requiem for War: The Life of Wilfred Owen. By Arthur Orrmont. Four Winds. $6.95.

Making of the Pacifist poet. 12-18.

Gertrude Stein. By Avis Burnett. Photos. Atheneum. $5.95.

These revealing pictures of Gertrude's life catch her personality in a most entertaining way. 12-18.

Journey into Childhood: The Autobiography of Lois Lenski. Photos. Lippincott. $6.95.

Invaluable insight into the author-artist's background and career. 12-adult.

Till the Break of Day: Memories 1939-1942. By Maia Wojchowska. Photos. Harcourt. $4.50.

The noted children's author's escape from Poland and adolescence in occupied France during World War II. A poignant picture of patriotism and heartache. 11-16.

Beauty Millionaire: The Life of Helena Rubinstein. By Maxene Faber. Photos. Crowell. $4.50.

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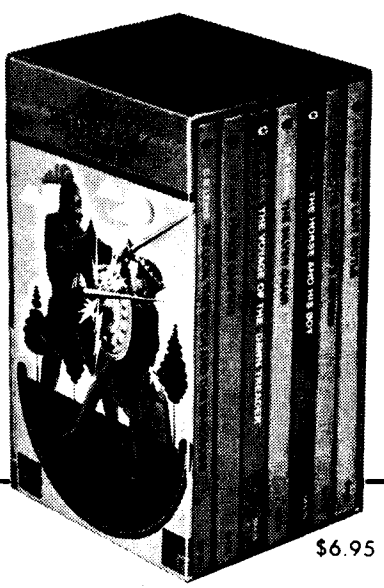

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● CONTRIBUTIONS NEEDED for religious program for inmates and ex-inmates of Eastern New York Correctional Facility. Rev. William M. O'Brien, Box 466A, Napanoch, N.Y. 12458.

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but they will admire tyrannical, witty Madame Rubinstein, who drove herself to a pinnacle in the business world before the day of Women's Lib. Lively writing. 11-16.

The United States

The Indians and the Strangers. By Joanna Johnston. Ill. by Rocco Negri. Dodd. $4.50.

Dramatic, easy-reading stories of famous Indians fighting to preserve their way of life. 6-10.

Hunted Like a Wolf: The Story of the Seminole War. By Milton Meltzer. Period illustrations. Farrar. $5.50.

A shameful campaign described with vigor and honesty. 12-18.

Our Nation's Great Heritage. By Donald E. Cooke. Old prints, documents, and full-color paintings. Hammond. $14.95.

Story of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. A lavishly illustrated gift book and reference. 10-16.

For Jefferson and Liberty: The United States in War and Peace. 1800-1815. By Leonard Faulkner. Old prints, paintings. Knopf. $4.95.

Original source materials and explanatory text recreate an era. 12-18.

Slavery in America: The Heritage of Slavery. By Robert Liston. McGraw.

Blacks' struggle since freedom. 12-18.

Dry Victories. By June Jordan. Photos. Holt. $5.50.

In telling dialogue and photographs the gifted black poet juxtaposes the Reconstruction and Civil Rights era, showing the great disappointments of each. 10-16.

The Riddle of Racism. By S. Carl Hirsch. Viking. $5.50.

The roots of race hatred in our troubled nation; an historical, scientific, and sociological study. Invaluable. 12-16.

We Will Be Heard: Dissent in the United States. By Ann E. Weis. Photos. Messmer. $4.95.

The concept of dissent and its role in America, especially in Human Rights. 9-13.

World History and Culture

When the World Was Rome. By Polly S. Brooks and Nancy Z. Walworth. Photos of art, architecture. Lippincott.

Vignettes of important leaders distinguish this vivid historical panorama. A real contribution! 10-15.

Vikings Bold: Their Adventures and Voyages. By Samuel Carter. Ill. by Ted Burwell. Crowell. $4.50. 10-15.

History made exciting, alive.

The History of Early Russia: Land of Muscovy. By E. M. Almedingen. Ill. by Michael Charlton. Farrar. $4.95.

The roots of Russian attitudes today; rich, detailed, highly readable. 12-16.

Pleasures and Palaces. By Miriam Morton. Photos. Atheneum. $5.25.

The unique Soviet after-school programs for children; clubs to further almost any interest from space travel to ballet. Many photographs. 9-14.

From "A Twister of Twists, A Tangler of Tongues" (Lippincott)

The Many Faces of Man. By Sharon S. McKern. Photos. Lothrop. $5.95.

An anthropologist's approach to race and culture. Very interesting. 10-14.

Nature, Science, Health

How Puppies Grow. By Millicent E. Selsam. Photos by Esther Bubley. Four Winds. $3.95.

Beguiling photographs. 4-8.

Vegetables from Stems to Flowers. By

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Millicent E. Selsam. Photos by Jerome Wexler. Morrow. $4.50.

The photographs are so lovely this is an art-plus-nature book. 6-10.

Our Six-Legged Friends and Allies. Ecology in your Backyard. Written and Ill. by Hilda Simon. Vanguard. $4.95.

Insect habits and lore. Lovely, soft color drawings. 9-15.

Our Fragile Earth. By Elizabeth S. Helfman. Photos. Lothrop. $4.95.

Man's abuse of soil through history and what can be done to rehabilitate it. Sensitive, scholarly. 10-14.

Wild River. Text and Photos by Laurence Pringle. Lippincott. $15.00.

Beautiful, poetic color photographs make this reminiscent of the Sierra publications; a fine gift for anyone interested in the wild life in and around rivers and in conservation. 10-adult.

The New Ocean Explorers: Into the Sea in the Space Age. By Howard Pennington. Photos. Little. $5.95.

Oceanography. Fascinating! 11-18.

The Organic Living Book. By Bernice Kohn. Ill. by Betty Fraser. Viking. $4.50.

How to raise, cook and eat organic food in city or country. Decorative. 10-80.

We Were Hooked. Interviews by Harold Flender. Random. $3.95.

Thirteen young ex-addicts tell how they kicked the habit. 12-18.

Sports

From Lew Alcindor to Kareem Abdul Jabbar. By James Haskins. Photos. Lothrop. $3.95.

Not just a basketball biography but a rounded picture of a young black struggling to gain self-and race-identity. 9-15. For beginning readers: *Sports Hero: Kareem Abdul Jabbar* by Marshall and Sue Burchard. Putnam. $4.29.

Hockey. By Bill L'Heureux. *Football* by George Sullivan. *Hunting* by Tom McNally. Photos, diagrams. Follett. Each $3.95.

Fine, clear how-to-play books. 9-15. *Better Table Tennis for Boys and Girls.* $3.95. *Pro Football's Passing Game.* $4.25. Both by George Sullivan. Dodd.

Sure to be very popular. 9-16.

From "Vikings Bold" (Thomas Y. Crowell)

Great Upsets in the NFL. By George Kaplan. *Strange but True Basketball Stories.* By Howard Liss. *Great Stanley Cup Playoffs.* By Bill Libbey. Random. Each $1.95. 10-16.

Hockey's Greatest All Stars. By Howard Liss. Photos. Hawthorn. $4.95.

The players' boyhood years, first big breaks, and their most thrilling games. Lots of action. 10-16.

Bikes: A How-to-do-it Guide to Selection, Care, Repair. Maintenance, Decoration. Safety, and . . . Fun on your Bicycle. Written and Ill. by Stephen Henkel. Viking. $4.95. 9-adult.

Wandering: A Walker's Guide to the Mountain Trails of Europe. By Ruth Rudner. Photos by James Goldsmith. Dial. $3.95.

Invitation to wanderlust! All ages.

Crafts and Hobbies

How to Make Presents from Odds and Ends. By Felicity Lewis. Color photos, diagrams. Van Nostrand. $3.95.

Perfect for Christmas and birthdays. 8-12. Other excellent and unusual Van Nostrand craft books are on *Kites, Rubbings, Kinetics,* and *Indian Craft.* 9-16.

How to Make Whirligigs and Whimmy

Viking Junior Books

HOSIE'S ALPHABET
Pictures in full color by Leonard Baskin
Words by Hosea, Tobias, and Lisa Baskin
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Ages 4–8 $4.95

THE BIGGEST FISH IN THE SEA
Written and illustrated in full color by Dahlov Ipcar
A young boy's ingenuity in finding a way out of a difficult predicament is told in a story that "should appeal to adults and children."—*Kirkus Reviews*
Ages 3–6 $4.95

THE ADVENTURES OF OBADIAH
Written and illustrated by Brinton Turkle
Obadiah is back! And this time he enjoys a splendid adventure at the annual sheep shearing. Superb four color pictures of Nantucket add a special glow.
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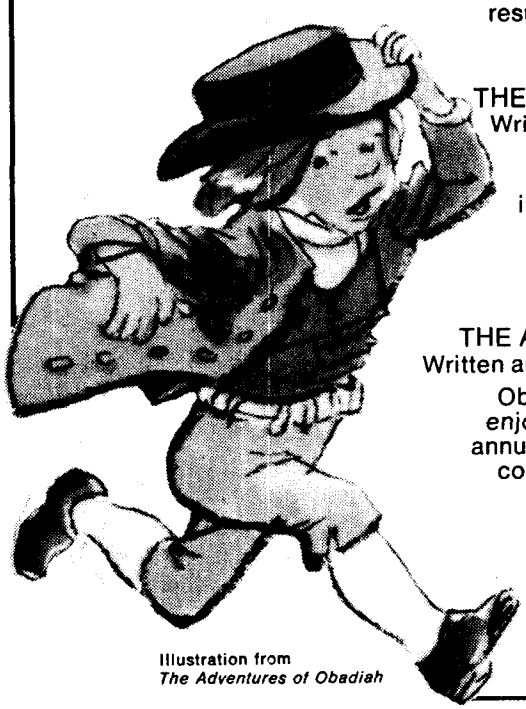

Illustration from *The Adventures of Obadiah*

THE VIKING PRESS

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Diddles, and other American Folkcraft Objects. By Florence H. Pettit. Ill. by Laura L. Foster. Photos. Crowell. $6.95.

The only book I know of on the subject, and a very handsome, full one indeed. A work of love. 10-adult.

Sew Your Own Accessories. By Joellen and Elyse Sommer. Ill. by Sherry Streeter. Lothrop. $4.24.

Belts, bags, jewelry etc. from odds and ends. Simple instructions. 9-up.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Prehistoric Art, and Art of the Ancient Near East. By Ariana Ruskin. Reproductions in full color. McGraw. $9.95.

A gorgeous, huge book that tells much about culture as well as art. 12-adult.

Black Pilgrimage. Written and Ill. by Tom Feelings. Lothrop. $5.95.

In words and pictures a noted black painter and illustrator tells of his growth as an artist and his reasons for moving to Ghana. 10-adult.

Opera. By David Ewen. Photos, prints. Watts. $9.95.

A pictorial history of opera plus plot summaries. Handsome. 12-18.

Reel Plastic Magic: A History of Films and Filmmaking in America. By Laurence Kardish. Little. $7.50. 12-18.

Walk Together: Five Plays on Human Rights. By Nancy Henderson. Ill. by Floyd Sewell. Messner. $5.95.

Easily produced plays for school, church, camp and club. 7-14.

POETRY AND SAYINGS

Listen Children, Listen: An Anthology of Poems for the Very Young. Edited by Myra Cohn Livingston. Ill. by Trina Schart Hyman. Harcourt. $4.95.

A sweet little book with soft pictures, perfect for bedtime reading. 5-9. Mrs. Livingston's own poems for 7-12 are in *The Malibu and Other Poems.* Atheneum. $4.25.

The Turquoise Horse: Prose and Poetry of the American Indian. Selected by Flora Hood. Ill. by Marylou Reifsnyder. Putnam. $4.69.

From "Minna and Pippin" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

Picture book format with bright patterned drawings. Most appealing. 6-10.

The Magic of Black Poetry. Compiled by Raoul Abdul. Ill. by Dane Burr. Dodd. $3.95.

From folk poetry to today. 10-18.

A Screaming Whisper. Poems by Vanessa Howard. Photos by J. Pinderhughes. Holt. $4.95.

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The Amnesty Issue by James Finn
Quiet on the Campus by David Warren
Busing: Who's Being Taken for a Ride? by Nicolaus Mills
Literature and Religion by Sallie Te Selle
I Remember Chaplin by George H. Dunne
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The Child's Part. Edited by Peter Brooks. Beacon. $3.95.

Essays on children's literature through history in various lands, its styles, subjects and importance.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 147)

ter, in his word, and substantially and continually in the eucharistic species."

Number 9 adds: "When the sacred scriptures are read in church God himself speaks to his people and Christ present in his word proclaims the good news."

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that in this text a deliberate effort is being made to correct the traditional Catholic use of the expression "real presence." The real presence of the risen Christ is here confessed to have several dimensions or aspects and is no longer restricted to the presence under the form of bread and wine. Further, although this latter dimension of his presence is said to be "substantial" and "continual" it is not said or implied that the other dimensions are any less real or less valuable.

The importance of this statement for Eucharistic consensus seems to me to be twofold. First, in a general way, it should induce in Catholics a healthy awareness of their church's limitations. Far from having preserved the fullness of the doctrine of the presence of the risen Christ, the Roman Catholic church shrank this presence down to one of its dimensions, that which has to do with the bread and wine, and allowed the others to disappear from its faith-consciousness. This one dimension it called *the* real presence, thereby implicitly denying the reality of the others and correspondingly impoverishing its faith.

Secondly we have not inherited any scholastic explanations of how the risen Christ is present "in his word," "in the person of the minister," "in the congregation." Nor are we likely to give priority to working up such explanations. At least it is to be hoped that, along with our brethren of the other churches, we will concentrate on learning to believe this doctrine more fully and to worshiping in accordance with it. And this should help us to refocus our attention—away from the possibly inextricable and certainly secondary and divisive question of *how* Christ is present under the form of the bread and wine, and on to the central unifying confession of his manifold life-giving presence among his believing people.

(Rev.) Brian Rice McCarthy, O.P.

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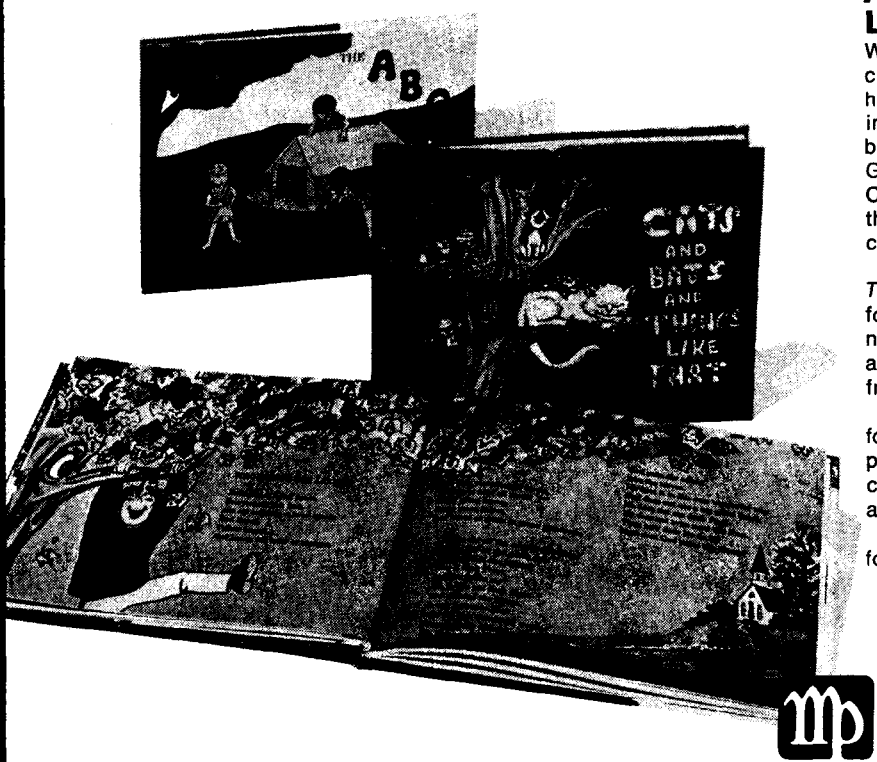

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